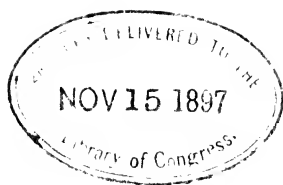


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AMERICAN
ACTING
DRAMA



CHICAGO
THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY



AN AMERICAN HAREM

A Comedietta in One Act

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FRANK GLYNN }
ALICE GLYNN } A newly married couple.
MRS. GLYNN—Frank's mother.
STELLA GLYNN—His sister.
GERTIE—Alice's cousin.
NORAH—A servant girl.
ED. ASBURY, Frank's college chum.

Plays twenty minutes.

COSTUMES.

Ordinary street-dress of to-day, except Asbury, who may wear a travelling-suit, and Norah who first wears a servant's work-dress and then a very handsome house-dress, one as elaborate as possible.

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AN AMERICAN HAREM.

[**Scene.**—*Drawing-room in Frank Glynn's house, handsomely furnished. Piano or desk and armchair down stage L. corner. Cheval glass down stage R. corner. Fireplace R. 2. Large round table C. Other furniture, bric-a-brac, pictures, statuettes, etc., ad lib. Doors C., R. 3 E. and L. 2 E. French window with portieres, supposed to lead into the garden, L. 3 E. obliqued. Frank and Alice discovered.*]

Alice. [*Walking up and down before footlights.*] I won't calm myself. You know very well my anger is just,—so I won't, I won't, I won't,—now there ! [*Stamps foot.*]

Frank. [*Following her and trying to pacify her.*] Alice, dear ; you are exciting yourself unnecessarily. Heaven knows I meant nothing by saying, when you asked for a new bonnet, that I thought the one you had was the prettiest I had ever seen. Now, Alice, listen.

Alice. [*Interrupting him.*] I won't listen. You are trying to convince me that *I* am in a temper, when it is you yourself. Oh, the selfishness of men !

Frank. But, my dear, listen. I have not refused to let you buy your latest fancy.

Alice. [*Angrily.*] Eh ?

Frank. Well, h'm, the new bonnet you want.

Alice. My latest fancy, eh ? Why don't you say : “My wife's latest whim is to see how extravagantly she can dress ?”

Frank. But, my child !

Alice. Oh, I'm a child now, eh ? I must have been a silly one when I married you. [*Puts on her hat and prepares to go.*]

Frank. Come, come, Alice ! This is foolish !

Alice. My sentiments exactly ; therefore I leave you, and *this* time it will be for ever. I won't have it flung at me continually how extravagant I am. [*Ex. C. D. Frank follows her to door then returns, sighs, and drops in armchair L. in front of desk, picks up newspaper and begins to read.*]

Norah. [*Entering R. U. E. and commencing to dust furniture, perceives Frank in chair; aside.*] Shure, an' Oi thought as how the masther had lift the house an hour ago. [*Aloud.*] An' may Oi enquire if the missus is coming back in toime to give me the ordhers for the cook? She's been a-axin an' a-axin av me, but shure, an' Oi don't know.

Frank. [*Aside.*] Darned if I know either, as far as that goes. [*Aloud.*] Oh, yes, Norah, she'll be back soon, but she told me she wanted soup for dinner and—roast—and—
[*Aside.*] Oh, hang it all, I don't know what I'm saying.

Norah. Yis, sor; soup and roast. Roast what?

Frank. [*Absently, reading paper.*] Yes, roast what.

Norah. [*Aside.*] Now, who iver heard tell of a roast what? Well, when the missus comes, she'll be afther setting things right, Oi'm thinking. [*Continues dusting, picks up letter from table C.*] A letter! Now, an' Oi wander who it's from? Shure an' Oi wouldn't be surprised at all, at all, if it were a letther from me own darlint Pathrick, as is a-going to come soon from ould Oirland. Be sthills me own palpitatin' hearut be sthills! [*Going to open letter.*] No, Oi'll just ax the masther, for it might be for some one ilse, other than me own silf. [*Aloud.*] Ahem! Masther, an' have yez seen the letther as was on the cinter table?

Frank. No, hand it here! Let me see it! [**Norah hands letter.**] "Mr. Frank Glynn, No. 1112 Regent Street, Roseville." Wonder who it's from? Handwriting seems familiar. [*Opens and reads letter.*]

Norah. [*Looking over his shoulder and aside.*] Faith an' if Oi could only make out thim quare little curly "qs," Oi'd be happy now, shure!

Frank. [*Rising.*] Well, I'm more in a muddle than ever. Here I am, expecting my old college chum, Ed. Asbury. Let me see, when will he arrive? [*Looks at letter.*] Hello, comes on this afternoon's train, and by Jove, [*looking at his watch*] won't be long in coming, either. And Alice away. What can I do, I wonder? [*Throws letter on C. table, and stands thinking in front of fireplace.*]

Norah. [*Aside, still dusting.*] Nary a letther have Oi had from me own Pat for a month o' Sundays. But soon me love will be coming to his own Norah.

Frank. [*Turning round, suddenly.*] Norah!

Norah. [*Jumping, frightened.*] Sirrah?

Frank. [*Walking up and down.*] Oh—ah—ahem!

Norah. [*Aside.*] Shure, an' Oi hope his senses ben't a-going

to lave him. An' if they be, Oi'm afther hoping he won't lave 'em wid me, for they be sorta kinda strayin' sinses afther all, bedad. [*Aloud.*] Ahem! Ahem!

Frank. [*Stopping in front of her.*] Norah!

Norah. Sirrah? [*Aside.*] Shure, an' they're a-lavin him.

Frank. I am in a predicament.

Norah. In phwat, sor? Does it hurt yez?

Frank. My wife became a little angry about nothing, and has gone to mother's. She won't be home to-day, I'm afraid. [*Aside.*] And I'll be ding-squizzled if I know when she *will* take it into her head to come home, either. [*Aloud.*] This letter informs me that my friend, Mr. Ed Asbury, is to arrive here this afternoon. Now, I don't know what to do. I have written a good deal to him about my wife, telling him how happy we were together, etc. He will expect to see her, and I don't care about his finding her gone. It might puzzle him, don't you know.

Norah. Oi see yer difficulty, sor, but it's more'n Oi can do to tell yez what to do.

Frank. Couldn't you pretend, just for this evening, that *you* are my wife?

Norah. Shure, an' yez are only in jest that yez say such a loike.

Frank. No, I am in earnest. I mean for you to make Mr. Asbury believe that you are my wife, until he goes. I will find some means to make him take his leave early to-morrow mornin'. Quick, decide, for there is no time to lose!

Norah. Shure, an' the gentleman would be afther recognizin' that yez wouldn't be so color-blind as to marry the loikes of a Biddy loike me own silf. If Oi open me mouth to spake wan wurrud, shure the granest of all Oirland's grane idjits would take me for nary a lady, sor.

Frank. No, Norah, you're right. But couldn't you pretend to have a slight headache, and only answer in monosyllables?

Norah. An' phwat kind of a forrin' tongue may that be?

Frank. Monosyllables?

Norah. Yis, sor.

Frank. Well, only answer: "Yes," "no," and "don't know."

Norah. [*In one breath.*] Yis, no, don't know!

Frank. No, no! Not that way. [*Imitating Norah.*] "Yes, no, don't know." But this way, if he says: "Have you a headache?" then you must say:

Norah. [*Interrupting him.*] Och, yis, yis! Oi see now phwat yez are trying to tell me.

Frank. Very well, then.

Norah. [*Starts to go, but stops and comes back.*] But Oi must have another driss on. In the loikes av this I couldn't presint meself afore a gentleman. Shall Oi put on wan av the missus' dresses?

Frank. Yes, do as you please, only be quick.

Norah. Oh! An' mayn't it be the missus' Sunday bist?

Frank. Anything, anything! Go to her wardrobe and take what you like from her trousseau. Ah, by the way, when this gentleman arrives, remember, that I shall call you Alice.

Norah. Sure, an' Oi won't forget, sor. [*Aside, going to R. U. E.*] Oi'll wear the missus' bist driss from her trassou, an' put on a sash, an' Oi'll look foiner'n anybody in the town. [*Ex. R. U. E.*]

Frank. Well, now I feel a little better. He will think my taste somewhat queer, but—I can't help it.

Gertie. [*Enter C. from L. coming down R. of Frank.*] Ah, cousin Frank, so glad to find you at home. Where is Alice? [*They shake hands.*]

Frank. [*Nervously.*] Ahem! Ah—she—ah, yes, she went shopping, I think,—or something else. I don't know exactly where she is.

Gertie. Now, that is too bad. I will wait though. She won't be long, will she?

Frank. Yes—no—that is—I hope not. Look here, Gertie, I'm in trouble, and don't know how to get out of it. I might just as well tell you the truth. My wife and I had a few words just now, a little misunderstanding, and she became so angry that she left the house, saying that she would never return. I knew what that meant, of course, a few hours over at mother's; then she would come home again, we would kiss and make up, and everything would be forgotten in a few minutes.

Gertie. [*Laughingly.*] Oh, then she is all right. She is with auntie, and will soon forget her imaginary troubles.

Frank. Yes, but that's not all. The worst of it is, that this very afternoon Ed. Asbury, my college chum, of whom you have often heard me speak, is coming to visit us. Of course, in my letters to him, I have naturally eulogized my wife and our happiness. Now, I would not like to see myself ridiculed by him, for he is sarcasm personified. [*Falls prostrated into chair.*]

Gertie. Oh, nonsense! Things will turn out all right, Frank, so don't worry; why, look here, I will undertake to entertain your friend. He won't stay long, and I'll try to make it as pleasant for him as I can, till Alice comes back, which won't be long.

Frank. Capital idea !

Gertie. Now listen ; go to your mother's, and try to persuade Alice to return with you here. If your friend should arrive in the meantime, I'll know what to do.

Frank. That seems to me to be the best plan. I'll go at once ! [*Aside.*] And I'll be back before Norah can have made an idiot of herself. [*Takes his hat and ex. C.*]

Gertie. [*Seating herself at C. table and removing hat and gloves.*] Well, I never ! Poor Frank, he's in a world of trouble, and just for a mere trifle, I'm sure. Ah, they'll make it all up and forget all about it. But suppose she refuses to return to-day. She is so headstrong. Come [*rising*], I will put my hat and gloves in the next room and see if meanwhile I cannot think of something better to help him out of this scrape. [*Ex. L. 2 E.*]

Stella. [*Entering C. from L. and removing her hat and cloak before Cheval glass R.*] Ah, no one here ? Now I just think that's too provoking for anything. Guess I'll sit down and wait till Alice comes. [*Seating herself in armchair L.*] She told me she wanted to see me, and said for me to be sure and come to-day. What a fool that footman of hers is. He never knows whether she is in or out. Just wait until I get married and keep house. I'll show them.

Frank. [*Entering L. U. E. coming down to R. C.*] She is not at mother's. I cannot understand where she can have gone to. [*Sees Stella.*] What ! you here, Stella ? Well, I do declare ! I'm awfully glad to see you ! [*Embraces her.*]

Stella. [*Disengaging herself.*] There ! There ! That'll do ! You've nearly choked me. And look at my lovely flowers,—all crushed ! What makes you so affectionate to-day ? Where's Alice ?

Frank. [*Aside.*] I'd give a hundred dollar bill to know. I suppose I'll have to tell her too. [*Aloud.*] Well, sister, Alice and I had a little squabble, as you know sometimes happens in——

Stella. [*Interrupting him.*] Oh, yes. That's thrown in with the marriage certificate. Go on !

Frank. And she has gone, goodness knows where. I thought she had gone over the way to mother's, but nobody has seen her there.

Stella. [*Laughing.*] Maybe she has gone to—— [*Local.*]

Frank. Now, Stella, don't laugh ! This is serious. I am expecting my chum Ed Asbury.

Stella. [*Interrupting him.*] What ? Ed Asbury, the one you have told us so much about ?

Frank. The very same. You see my fix?

Stella. [*Rapidly.*] Oh, Frank, I'm so glad, for I've been just dying to see him. Isn't he the one who made love to all the girls while you were at college?

Frank. Yes, the same one. He's a deuced good fellow, but he's so awfully sarcastic and such a teaser.

Stella. Well? And? Go on, Frank, you stop so often that I cannot understand one half of your story.

Frank. Great heavens, don't interrupt me then!

Stella. Now, that's just like a man! That's it! Always throw the blame on a poor girl's shoulders. But do go on now, and finish your story.

Frank. Well, as Ed is coming, expecting to find Alice and me as happy as the proverbial turtledoves, I am in a muddle to know how to arrange matters.

Stella. Ah, now I understand your sudden brotherly affection when you came in. You are in a muddle, as you call it, and you want your little sister to help you out of it. Just like a man! Well, I'll be a good sister, and I think I can and will help you.

Frank. Oh, Stella, bless your little heart, I knew you would, [*Goes to embrace her.*]

Stella. [*Stopping him.*] No, no, we've had affection enough for one day. And by the way, you owe me another bouquet, if our little plan succeeds. Has Mr. Asbury ever met Alice?

Frank. No, never.

Stella. I thought so. Listen. Alice is sure to return soon, I know her, and am convinced that she will not hold out long. But should your friend arrive before her return, you will introduce me as your wife. Afterwards, when Alice has turned up, we'll make him believe that we have played a joke on him, and he will never know the true state of affairs.

Frank. Capital! Nothing could be simpler. [*Frank seats himself, lights a cigar, and gives a sigh of relief.*]

Stella. When does the ogre arrive? [*Enter Ed Asbury c. from L. He has overheard Stella's last words. He is in a light traveling suit and straw hat, with satchel and umbrella, etc.*]

Ed. [*In C. D.*] The ogre has arrived! [*Comes down to Frank.*] Hello, Frankie, old boy, how are you?

Frank. [*Shaking hands with him.*] My dear Ed!

Stella. [*Going to Ed who turns to her. He drops satchel, umbrella, hat, etc., over which he stumbles in going to meet*

Stella. Frank picks up the things which Ed has dropped

and puts them on C. table. Stella and Ed shake hands.] I am more than pleased to welcome my husband's friend. He has so often spoken of you that I feel quite as if I had known you as long as my husband has.

Ed. [C.] Yes, I became aware of that fact as I entered.

Stella. [L. *aside.*] Sarcastic already.

Ed. [*Aside.*] What a dear little wife Frank has. Makes a fellow wish some girl would take pity on his lonely state and marry him. [*To Stella.*] Frank has often mentioned you in his letters, but, I'm sure his description of you was far beneath the charming reality. [*Bows.*]

Stella. Sir! [*Bows, aside.*] Is this more sarcasm, I wonder?

Frank. [*Coming down R. C.*] Oh, yes,—Stel—h'm,—Alice is a dear girl, eh, Stel—Alice? and we are getting on capitally together. There will be no end to our honeymoon. [*Aside, while Ed and Stella converse together.*] Hang it all, I forgot about Norah; suppose she should come in here now. I must go and stop her at once. [*Aloud.*] By the way, Ed, excuse us just a minute. Take a seat and look at the paper, while Stel—Alice and I see to your room and things. [*He picks up Ed's luggage, etc. from the C. table, and ex. hastily R. U. E., followed by Stella, who bows to Ed in passing him.*]

Ed. [*Bowing to Stella.*] Certainly, certainly, but don't let me give you any unnecessary trouble. [*When alone, he takes up paper from desk and sits down in armchair reading, L.*]

Norah. [*Entering C. from R. in a fantastic dress. She does not see Ed, but walks up and down in front of Cheval glass R. spreading her train, admiring herself, etc. Ed watches her.*] Och, if me own Pathrick could only see me now; shure, an' he'd be afther falling in love wid me at firrust soight again.

Ed. [*Aside.*] Curious person, this. Wonder who she can be? Seems to be delighted with herself.

Norah. Oi'd give me lasht wake's wages if only Bridget McCarthy could see me now in this—this—now, phwat was it the masther called it? Oh, yes, the trassou. That's it, that's the Frinch for it. Rale Frinch from Paree. [*Makes a long bow to the glass, which brings her to the C., turns around and sees Ed, who has been watching her closely.*] And who are yez, may Oi enquire?

Ed. [*Rising.*] I am Mr. Glynn's friend.

Norah. Shure, an' yez not a foolin' av me? Are yez Mither Gooseberry?

Ed. Asbury is my name.

Norah. Well, Mr. Raspberry, be you the young gintleman as is being expected?

Ed. The same. May I ask who it is I have the pleasure of speaking with?

Norah. [*Rushes at him, stumbling over her train, with hands extended, and falls in his arms. Ed releases himself.*] Me husband's friend? Oi am plazed to welcome yez. [*Aside.*] Och, shure an' Oi mosht gave mesilt away. But Oi'll be mum.

Ed. [*Alarmed and aside.*] Anything wrong here, I wonder? She claims to be Frank's wife too. I don't understand. No wonder he called his home a little dove's nest. [*Aloud.*] Ah, you are Alice?

Norah. Yis, no, och, an' it's mesilt that don't know.

Ed. [*Aside.*] Odd answer. [*Aloud.*] Am I speaking with Frank Glynn's wife?

Norah. Shure, an' Oi told yez Oi waz. Ah, me head, me head! [*Aside.*] He looks at me kinda quare loike.

Ed. Your head? Have you a headache?

Norah. Oi, Oi, oh. [*Points to her head.*] It's mosht a splittin' [*turns away to laugh*] wid the aches an' the pains. [*Laughs aside, and sits down R. of C. table.*]

Ed. [*Aside.*] I must have been mistaken about the first wife. And Frank is a little bit changed, I think; but—still I understood—well, none of my business. They are both daisies, to say the least. [*Sits himself L. of C. table; aloud.*] I hope your head is better.

Norah. Um, y-yes, no, don't know.

Ed. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs heartily. Norah looks at him and at last joins in with him.*]

Norah. If yez would only let me into the sacret, Oi'd be much obliged to yez.

Ed. You are charming!

Norah. Och, go along wid yez! An' it's to me yez would say sich a compelmet?

Ed. Certainly, and why not?

Norah. Yis, no, don't know.

Ed. [*Astonished.*] Eh?

Norah. [*Absently admiring and spreading her train.*] Eh?

Ed. Very pretty dress, that.

Norah. Shure, and it was the prettiest wan in the mistr—
[*interrupting herself*] tra-la-la-la. [*Turns and looks innocently around.*]

Ed. And the wearer is still prettier.

Norah. [*Smiles gushingly.*] Ah!

Ed. Ahem!

Norah. Oi'll fitch yez me picture as was tuck in me own country, an' yez will like it, shure. Oi'm after thinking. [*Ex. C. to R.*]

Ed. [*Laughing.*] Well, I never! Little did I think Frank had such secrets from me. But these skeletons in closets are pretty lively ones, and don't remain in seclusion either. Ah, Frank, Frank! I've caught you! Perhaps I won't have some fun out of all this though. [*Enter Gertie L. 2 E.*]

Gertie. H'm! [*They bow; Gertie goes to Ed and shakes hands with him.*] My dear Mr. Asbury, delighted to welcome you here. I and my husband, Frank, are more than pleased.

Ed. [*In utter astonishment.*] The devil you are!

Gertie. [*With dignity.*] I beg pardon?

Ed. Excuse me, madam, but I must have misunderstood.

Gertie. I am sorry I was not able to welcome you sooner, but a wife's duties are——

Ed. [*Wiping perspiration from his brow; aside.*] By Jove, I know I haven't been drinking.

Gertie. Is this room too warm?

Ed. Ah, no, thank you. [*Aside.*] Deuced pretty girl, wife No. 3 is. But who'd think it of Frank? Last person in this world, I declare.

Gertie. My husband.

Ed. Eh?

Gertie. Yes, Frank, my husband. [*Aside.*] I don't remember of Frank's saying there was anything like insanity running in Mr. Asbury's family, but I'm willing to wager anything that he's a member of the Paresis Club.

Ed. [*Pointing to her.*] No. 3?

Gertie. [*Puzzled.*] No. 3?

Ed. I beg pardon, Mrs. Glynn, but——

Gertie. [*Aside.*] Poor fellow. I wonder if I could help him? I will try. [*Aloud.*] Er—your head feels strange?

Ed. Yes. Very strange indeed! In fact, quite mixed!

Gertie. [*Aside.*] Bad symptoms! [*Aloud.*] Have you a good memory?

Ed. Memory? [*Aside.*] Does she expect me to remember them all?

Gertie. Have you been in this state long?

Ed. No, not very long.

Gertie. How long?

Ed. About half an hour.

Gertie. [*Aside.*] His memory fails him, perhaps.

Ed. [*Aside.*] This wife No. 3 has evidently a tendency for law, and would make a capital quizzer.

Gertie. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid he's too far gone. I guess I'll take him in the grounds, and show him the flowers. I've heard flowers were good for weak minds. [*Aloud.*] Would you like to come with me in the garden and pick some flowers?

Ed. With pleasure—allow me! [*He offers his arm. Gertie hesitates, then reluctantly accepts; ex. both L. 3 E. Enter Mrs. Glynn C. D.*]

Mrs. Glynn. Alice not yet come? I wonder where the poor child can be. But dear me, to become so annoyed about such a silly thing. Well, well, all will be straightened soon. I—— [*sees letter on table.*] Ah, a letter to Frank. How I hope it is from Alice. I will open and read it. My son knows his mother would never condescend to an act like this, unless compelled to. Ah, it has been opened. [*Reads.*] Well, I declare if Frank's friend is not coming. And Alice not here to receive him. Now, what to do?

Ed. [*Entering door L.*] [*Aside.*] Aha, another one, I'll wager. [*Both bow.*] Mrs. Glynn, I suppose, also? [*Mrs. Glynn bows.*] I thought so. [*Goes up to her and slaps her familiarly on the shoulder.*] Oh, I'm catching on, you see.

Mrs. Glynn. [*Aside; astonished.*] Such familiarity from Frank's friend. I can scarcely believe it.

Ed. Any more coming?

Mrs. Glynn. [*Puzzled.*] More?

Ed. Yes, I've managed four—guess I can stand a few more yet. Ha, ha, ha! Best joke I've had in a long time. [*Laughs.*]

Mrs. Glynn. [*Indignantly.*] Something seems to amuse you.

Ed. [*Chucks her under the chin. Mrs. G. horrified.*] Well, Mrs. Glynn No. 4, if you *are* a little *passée*, and just a little bit dignified, I guess Frank knows what he's about. You're old, but you're a daisy. [*Mrs. Glynn, indignant at Ed's behavior, retires majestically, too shocked to speak, and ex. R. U. E.*]

Ed. [*Laughing.*] Ah, sly dog, Frank. [*Throws himself in chair near desk, laughs and covers his face with his hands. Enter Alice C. D. Ed. peeps through his fingers at her.*] Next!

Alice. [*Aside, mistaking Ed for Frank.*] There is Frank! Weeping, perhaps—poor fellow! Oh, how silly of me after all. Well, I'll kiss and make up, and Frank will forgive me again.

[*Goes up to him and leans on back of Ed's chair, gently.*] Frank! [*Little louder.*] Dear Frank!

Ed. [*Peeping through his fingers.*] Let 'er fly! They're coming thicker and thicker!

Alice. [*Coaxingly.*] Darling!

Ed. Eh?

Alice. Dearest Frank, won't you speak? It's Alice! [**Ed grins.**] Your own dear Alice!

Ed. [*Aside.*] No flies on Frank!

Alice. [*Kneeling down.*] Frank, forgive me! Never will I be unreasonable again! [**Ed places arm around her and brings her head on his shoulder, still keeping his own head turned.**] Do speak to me, darling—I will never—never—never— [**Ed turns his head, they look at each other, Alice jumps back and screams, Ed. rises. Enter Frank, Gertie, Stella, Mrs. Glynn, C. D. Alice rushes into Frank's arms.**]

Frank. My darling!

Norah. [*Entering C. D. she sees Alice.*] Och, Hawly mither of Moses! [*Ex. quickly C. D.*]

Alice. [*To Ed.*] And who are you, may I ask?

Ed. I am Ed. Asbury, who has had the honor of making the acquaintance of five of Frank's wives in less than twenty minutes. Are there any more? I can tackle 'em! Bring 'em on! Nothing like practice, you know. Next!

Frank. [*Laughing.*] Poor Ed! What a dilemma! Allow me to explain.

Ed. Oh, no! No explanation is necessary! I understand. Quite clever!

Frank. You see, Alice—

Ed. [*Interrupting him.*] Yes, I see four of them. [*Looking around.*] One has evaporated.

Frank. Well, this— [*pointing to Alice*] is Alice, whom I have written so much about.

Ed. And these [*pointing to the other ladies*] are the Alices you have not written about.

Stella. [*Trying to explain.*] My brother, Frank—

Ed. [*Interrupting her.*] Your brother, Frank?

Gertie. [*Trying to explain.*] Yes, Frank, my cousin—

Ed. [*Interrupting her.*] Your cousin, eh? I am dead on to your little game. [*Turning to Mrs. Glynn.*] And you are his mother, no doubt? [*Laughs.*]

Mrs. Glynn. [*Indignantly.*] Most assuredly!

Ed. [*Sarcastically.*] I thought so. But hurry up, I'm impatient to get to the last one. Next!

Frank. Yes, I see some explanation is necessary, but dinner is ready. Come Ed, I will explain all this much better over our claret.

Ed. Eh ? Dinner ? Oh, yes ! Certainly ! [*The two gentlemen offer their arms to the ladies. Frank takes Alice and Mrs. Glynn, Ed takes Stella and Gertie.*] I wonder how many more I'll meet in the dining-room.

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